

# Endgame

## Aviators

I don't want to be the last one alive  
Facing all the wreckage of my pride and sadness  
Now the culmination will soon arrive  
Forming in the cosmos, one dark scheme of madness

We've never seen a fight like this  
Universal power amiss  
Cheating nature in a grasp for power  
Seeking balance with this stand  
Now the culling is at hand  
And we've awoken in our final hour

When every hero falls out of the sky  
And all we can muster is a desperate try  
We stand in the crossfire, eyes ready and wide  
Playing the endgame, at last unified  
For the weak to survive

Greater than the odds, higher than the stakes  
One shot to change the course, with no room for mistakes  
Bound with stronger will, in the hands of time  
So where's the pawn that turns the tide and keeps the game alive?

Now we're the bastion in the storm  
Split apart but uniform  
I'll give everything to wane this power  
Facing threats to every soul  
We've approached a hopeless goal  
Fighting headstrong in our final hour

When there were none  
To hold infinite power  
When the game was young  
And victory was ours  
I had seen the edge of fate beyond  
And knew one day it would respond  
In dust  
Set in stone  
Despite the distant thunder  
With our vision gone  
And our heroes losing numbers  
If the moment comes to pay the price  
I'll take the lead and roll the dice  
To save the most defenseless among us